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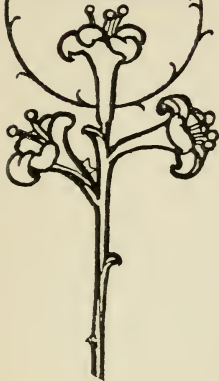
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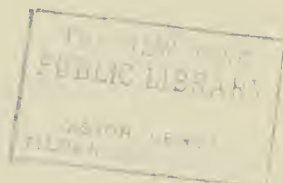




*They are  
Not Dead!*









# *They are Not Dead!*

*Thoughts concerning  
the Immortality  
of the Soul*

*Chosen from the  
Writings of notable  
Authors by*

ERIC ARTHUR  
*and*  
MRS WILBRAHAM WARD

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## THEY ARE NOT DEAD !

**T**HOU wilt shew me the path  
of life: in thy presence is  
fulness of joy; at thy right hand  
there are pleasures for evermore.

*Psalm xvi, 11*



**W**ITH thee is the fountain of life:  
in thy light shall we see light.

*Psalm xxxvi, 9*



**B**UT God will redeem my soul  
from the power of the grave; for  
he shall receive me.

*Psalm xlix, 15*



**T**HE Lord shall preserve thy  
going out and thy coming  
in from this time forth, and even  
for evermore.

*Psalm cxxi, 8*

## ✻ They are not Dead

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**T**HEN shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.



*Ecclesiastes xii, 7*

**O** THOU Self-revealing One, reveal Thyself to me!

Rend this dark cover in twain and let the saving beam of Thy Smile of Grace strike through this night of gloom and waken my soul.

From unreality lead me to the Real, from death to Immortality.



*The Upanishads*

**T**HE soul is not liable to birth nor to death: neither does it take its origin from any other or from itself; hence it is unborn,



## They are not Dead ❀

eternal without reduction and unchangeable; therefore the soul is not injured by the hurt which the body may receive. If anyone ready to kill another imagines that he can destroy his soul, and the other thinks that his soul shall suffer destruction, they both know nothing, for neither does it kill nor is it killed by another.

*Kut'h Upanishad*



THE soul within its mortal  
frame glides on through  
childhood, youth, and age,  
Then in another form renew'd,  
renews its stated course  
again.

. . . . .

## ✻ They are not Dead

It is not born—it doth not die;  
past, present, future knows it  
not;

Ancient, eternal and unchang'd, it  
dies not with the dying frame.

. . . . .  
As their old garments men cast off,  
anon new raiment to assume,  
So casts the soul its worn-out  
frame, and takes at once  
another form.

The weapon cannot pierce it  
through, nor wastes it the  
consuming fire;

The liquid waters melt it not, nor  
dries it up the parching wind;

Impenetrable and unburned; im-  
permeable and undried;

Perpetual, ever-wandering, firm,  
indissoluble, permanent;

## They are not Dead ☸

Invisible, unspeakable. Thus deeming, wherefore mourn for it?

*Mahābhārata*



**H**E [the soul] is not the body to be buried ; he will not remain with his friends after he has drunk the poison, but will go away to the happiness of the blessed.

SOCRATES



**T**HE soul is self-moving, and therefore immortal.

PLATO



**W**HATSOEVER that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, it is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.

ARISTOTLE

## ✻ They are not Dead

WHEN a person leaves his corpse like a log or a lump of clay on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul; continually therefore let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion with whom he may traverse a darkness hard to be traversed.

*Laws of Manu*



FOR æons that no number can  
compute,  
All drunk and wild with ecstasy  
of bliss  
The ascetic in a dazzling spiral  
flew,  
And still the apex of perfection  
neared.

## They are not Dead ☸

But in that endless flight the sum  
of joy  
Across his vision and his senses  
poured  
Was nothing to the rapture which  
he knew,  
The solitary instant when he stood  
Upon Nirvana's edge, and took the  
leap  
Which left poor Limitation's  
marks behind  
And made him absolute and total  
All.

UNKNOWN



THE emancipated soul is that  
illuminated person who  
throws off his former accidents  
and qualities and becomes one  
with the true living, happy Being;

## ✽ They are not Dead

in like manner as the chrysalis becomes a butterfly.

Having crossed the sea of passion, and slain the evil spirits Love, Hatred, etc., he is joined to tranquillity and rejoices in Spirit.

Having renounced that pleasure which arises from external perishable objects, and enjoying spiritual delight, he is serene as the taper under a cover, and rejoices in his own essence.

The yogi during his residence in the body is not affected by its properties; as the firmament is not affected by what floats in it; knowing all things, he remains unconcerned, and moves free as the wind.

When the accidents are de-

## They are not Dead ❧

stroyed, the yogi and all beings enter into the all - pervading Essence, as water mixes with water, ether with ether, fire with fire.

ATMA BOD'H



THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence: and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

CICERO



AS this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from

## ✠ They are not Dead

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any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue for ever.

CICERO

*Old Age*



HE that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

*St Matthew x, 39*



WELL done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

*St Matthew xxv, 21*



BUT as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of



## They are not Dead ❧

Isaac, and the God of Jacob?  
God is not the God of the dead,  
but of the living.

*St Matthew xxii, 31-32*



AND the world passeth away : . . .  
but he that doeth the will of God  
abideth for ever.

*1 John ii, 17*



THEN said Martha unto Jesus,  
Lord, if thou hadst been here,  
my brother had not died. . . .

Jesus said unto her, Thy brother  
shall rise again.

Martha saith unto him, I know  
that he shall rise again in the re-  
surrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the  
resurrection, and the life : he that

## ✠ They are not Dead

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believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live :

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

*St John xi, 21-26*



**I**F in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. . . . For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . .

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou

## They are not Dead ❧

sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

*1 Corinthians xv, 19-55*

## ✻ They are not Dead

I AM persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

*Romans viii, 38-39*



CHRIST hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light.



*2 Timothy i, 10*

THIS day which thou fearest so much, and which thou callest thy last, is the birthday of an eternity.

SENECA

## They are not Dead ❧

**W**HAT are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . .

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto

## ✠ They are not Dead

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living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.



*Revelation vii, 13-17*

SURE is the death of him that is born, and sure is the birth of him that is dead.



*Bhagavad Gītā*

O YE . . . that hear and understand, look for your Shepherd, he shall give you everlasting rest; for he is nigh at hand. . . .

Be ready to the reward of the kingdom, for the everlasting light shall shine upon you for evermore.



*2 Esdras ii, 34-35*

FOR God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

## They are not Dead ❧

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery.

*The Wisdom of Solomon ii, 23; iii, 1-2*



THE righteous live for evermore; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High.

Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

*The Wisdom of Solomon v, 15-16*

## ✠ They are not Dead

So the death of your bodies is not destruction, but renovation.

ST CHRYSOSTOM



WHAT does not perish for God cannot perish for itself.

ST AUGUSTINE



COUNT not those who are killed in the way of God as dead, but living with their Lord, provided for, rejoicing in what God has brought them of His grace, and being glad for those who have not reached them yet—those left behind them.

There is no fear for them, and they shall not be grieved.

*The Koran*



## They are not Dead ❀

THE death of body is the birth of soul.

HAKIM SANAI



HE Who gave them speech has brought them to silence ; He Who created them has caused them to perish ; but as He wore them out, so will He renew them ; as He scattered their frame, so will He reunite it.

IBN NUBATA



LIFE is a sleep till death awaken it.

AKHLAK-I-JALALI



THOU art buried in the ground  
like the root,  
While I stand above like the  
withered branch.

JAMI

## ✻ They are not Dead

UNTIL thou castest off entirely  
all thy superfluous flesh,  
O contender in the race! thou wilt  
never reach the goal.

KHWAJAH MUHAMMAD



THINK not this corpse before  
you myself;  
That corpse is mine, but it is not I.  
I am an undying life and this is  
but my body,  
Many years my house and my  
garment of change;  
I am the bird and this body was  
my cage.  
I have winged my flight elsewhere  
and left it for a token.  
I have journeyed on and left you  
behind.

## They are not Dead ❧

How could I make an abode of  
your halting stage?

Deem not death death, for it is in  
truth

Life of lives, the goal of all our  
longings.

GHAZZALI



COMMIT my body to the earth  
and talk not of absence and  
separation; for death is only a  
veil through which lovers whisper  
secrets.

UNKNOWN



TO thee it seems a setting, but  
'tis a rising;  
Though the vault seems a prison,  
'tis the release of the soul.

## ✻ They are not Dead

What seed went down into the  
earth but it grew?

What bucket was lowered but it  
came out brim-full?

JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI



**G**RIP me, Death, as with a  
wrestler's hold,

Let us grapple, limb to limb, in  
strife;

Thou mayst wrest from me this  
garment old,

I shall wrest from thee eternal life.

JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI



**T**HERE is nothing strictly  
immortal but immortality.

Whatever hath no beginning may  
be confident of no end.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

*Urn Burial*

## They are not Dead ❧

EVERY spirit, as it is most pure,  
And hath in it the more of  
heavenly light,

So it the fairer body doth procure  
To habit in; . . .

For of the soul the body form doth  
take;

For soul is form, and doth the  
body make.

EDMUND SPENSER



FOR all that moveth doth in  
change delight,

But henceforth all shall rest eternally

With Him that is the God of  
Sabbath hight.

O! Thou great Sabbath God, grant  
me that Sabbath's right.

EDMUND SPENSER

## ✻ They are not Dead

**M**OUNT, mount, my soul! thy  
seat is up on high,  
Whilst my gross flesh sinks down-  
ward, here to die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Richard II*



HEAVEN take my soul, and England  
keep my bones!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*King John*



FOR my soul, what can it do to  
that,  
Being a thing immortal?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

*Hamlet*



DEATH is a friend of ours, and he  
who is not ready to entertain him  
is not at home.

FRANCIS BACON

## They are not Dead ❀

DEATH hath a thousand doors to  
let out life.

PHILIP MASSINGER



ONE short sleep past, we wake  
eternally ;

And Death shall be no more.

Death, thou shalt die.

JOHN DONNE



O HARMLESS death ! Whom  
still the valiant brave,

The wise expect, the sorrowful  
invite,

And all the good embrace, who  
know the grave

A short dark passage to eternal  
light.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

## ≡ They are not Dead

WHAT else is to be fear'd?  
When we shall gain  
Eternal life, or have no sense of  
pain.

SIR JOHN DENHAM



DEATH, the gate of life.

JOHN MILTON



WHEN once our heav'nly-  
guided soul shall climb,  
Then, all this earthly grossness  
quit,  
Attired with stars, we shall for ever  
sit,  
Triumphing over Death, and  
Chance, and thee, O Time.

JOHN MILTON

*On Time*



## They are not Dead ❧

GREAT spirits never with their bodies die.

ROBERT HERRICK



THE human body cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but there remains of it something which is eternal.

B. SPINOZA



LET us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of His existence, adore the redundant plenitude of His perfections, rely on His goodness, fear His justice, and aspire to His immortality.

J. B. BOSSUET

## ✻ They are not Dead

NOR can spirits ever be divided  
that love and live in the same  
Divine Principle. . . . For they  
must needs be present, that love  
and live in that which is omni-  
present.

WILLIAM PENN



ELSE whence this pleasing hope,  
this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread, and  
inward horror  
Of falling into nought? Why  
shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at  
destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within  
us;

## They are not Dead ❀

'Tis Heaven itself that points out  
an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

JOSEPH ADDISON



DEATH is but crossing the World,  
as Friends do the Seas. They live  
in one another still.

WILLIAM PENN



DEATH cannot kill what never  
dies.

WILLIAM PENN



THIS is the Comfort of Friends,  
that though they may be said  
to Die, yet their Friendship and  
Society are, in the best Sense, ever  
present, because Immortal.

WILLIAM PENN

## ≡ They are not Dead

THE soul, secure in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger and defies  
its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun  
himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature  
sink in years,  
But *Thou* shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the  
crash of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON



DEATH'S but a path that must be  
trod,  
If man would ever pass to God.

THOMAS PARNELL

## They are not Dead ❧

THEY that love beyond the World  
cannot be separated by it.

WILLIAM PENN



THE world recedes ; it dis-  
appears :

Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring.

I live anew ! I rise ! I fly !

O grave ! where is thy victory ?

O death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE



MAN, foolish man ! No more  
thy soul deceive :

To die is but the surest way to  
live.

WILLIAM BROOME

## ✻ They are not Dead

**D**EATH that entombs the body  
lifts the soul.

. . . . .  
Life makes the soul dependent on  
the dust;

Death gives her wings to mount  
above the spheres.

. . . . .  
Death is the crown of life.

EDWARD YOUNG

*Night Thoughts*



**E**VERY one in heaven comes  
into the highest joy of his  
heart; greater joy he could not  
endure, for it would oppress and  
stifle him.

E. SWEDENBORG

*Divine Providence*

## They are not Dead ❧

I DELIGHT in believing myself as  
immortal as God Himself.

BARON MONTESQUIEU



THE facts of life inspire the  
hope

That, in a world of larger scope,  
What here was faithfully begun  
Will be completed—not undone.

UNKNOWN



OH, wondrous scheme devised  
on high,

At once to take and give :

He that is born begins to die,

And he that dies to live.

For life is death, and death is life,

A harmony of endless strife ;

The mode of universal growth

Is seen alike in both.

UNKNOWN

## ✻ They are not Dead

WHEN the body is no longer able to discharge its functions in the natural world, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of its spirit, which it has from the Spiritual world, then man is said to die; and this occurs when the breathing of the lungs and the beating of the heart cease. Yet the man does not then die, but is only separated from the body which was of use to him in the world; for the man himself lives . . . because man is not man by virtue of his body, but by virtue of his spirit; for it is the spirit which thinks in man, and thought united with affection constitutes the man. Hence it is evident that when man dies



## They are not Dead ❧

he only passes from one world to another.

On this account, death in the internal sense of the word means resurrection and continuation of life.

E. SWEDENBORG  
*Heaven and Hell*



THE inhabitants of heaven are continually advancing towards the spring-time of life, with an increase of delight in proportion to the increase of their love, charity, and faith. Goodness and charity mould their forms, presenting in them a likeness of themselves, and causing the joy and beauty of charity to shine forth from every feature; so that they

## ✻ They are not Dead

are the very embodiments of charity itself. In a word, to grow old in heaven is to grow young.

E. SWEDENBORG

*Heaven and Hell*



I LANGUISH from this earth to flee,  
And gasp for immortality.

CHARLES WESLEY



WAITING to receive thy spirit,  
Lo! the Saviour stands  
above!

Shows the purchase of His merit,  
Reaches out the crown of love.

CHARLES WESLEY



AS manifestly as the human soul  
is by means of the senses  
linked to the present life, so mani-  
festly it attaches itself by reason,

## They are not Dead ❧

and the conceptions, conclusions, anticipations and efforts to which reason leads it, to God and eternity.

ERNEST PLATNER



WHEN I learn'd that thou wast  
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the  
tears I shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrow-  
ing son?

. . . . .  
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though  
unfelt, a kiss:

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep  
in bliss.

. . . . .  
Thyself removed, thy power to  
soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER

## ✻ They are not Dead

---

**L**IFE is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life; a man is not completely born till he has passed through death.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



AND when I die,  
Let me in the belief expire—  
To God I fly.

ROBERT BURNS



**D**EATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man eternity is seen looking through time.

UNKNOWN



DEATH gives us eternal youth and immortality.

JEAN PAUL

## They are not Dead ❧

THE door of death is made of  
gold  
That mortal eyes cannot behold;  
But when the mortal eyes are  
closed,  
And cold and pale the limbs re-  
posed,  
The soul awakes, and wondering  
sees,  
In her mild hand the golden keys.

WILLIAM BLAKE

*The Golden Keys*



FOR wounds like these Christ is  
the only cure:  
Go, speak to them of His world to  
come,  
Where friends shall meet and know  
each other's face.

CHARLES LAMB

## ✻ They are not Dead

CHRIST is risen ! We are risen !  
Shed upon us heavenly grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory  
From the brightness of Thy face !  
So that we, with hearts in heaven,  
Here on earth may fruitful be ;  
And by angel-hands be gathered,  
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH



PARADISE is a central spot  
where the souls of all mankind  
arrive by different roads ; each sect  
has its own particular path.

NAPOLEON



*Table Talk*

DEATH is the veil which those who  
live call life :  
They sleep, and it is lifted.

P. B. SHELLEY

They are not Dead ❧

**D**EATH comes to set thee free;  
Oh, meet him cheerily  
As thy true friend,  
And all thy fears shall cease,  
And in eternal peace  
Thy penance end.

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ



I CHANGE, but I cannot die!

P. B. SHELLEY



**I**MMORTALITY o'ersweeps  
All pains, all tears, all time, all  
fears—and peals  
Like the eternal thunders of the  
deep  
Into my ears this truth—Thou  
liv'st for ever!

LORD BYRON

✽ They are not Dead

**H**E ne'er is crowned  
With immortality, who fears  
to follow  
Where airy voices lead.

JOHN KEATS



**H**E wakes or sleeps with the  
enduring dead;  
Thou canst not soar where he is  
sitting now;  
Dust to the dust! But the pure  
spirit shall flow  
Back to the burning fountain  
whence it came,  
A portion of the Eternal, which  
must glow  
Through time and change, un-  
quenchably the same.

. . . . .



## They are not Dead ❧

Peace, peace ! He is not dead, he  
doth not sleep—  
He hath awakened from the dream  
of life.  
He has outsoared the shadow of  
our night ;  
Envy and calumny and hate and  
pain,  
And that unrest, which men mis-  
call delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not  
again.

P. B. SHELLEY

*Adonais*



WHAT a world were this,  
How unendurable its weight,  
if they  
Whom death hath sunder'd did not  
meet again !

ROBERT SOUTHEY

## ✻ They are not Dead

THEY never fail who die  
In a great cause. . . .  
But still their spirit walks abroad.

LORD BYRON



DUST, to its narrow house  
beneath!

Soul to its place on high!  
They that have seen thy look in  
death

No more may fear to die.

MRS HEMANS



I GAZE at night into the bound-  
less sky,  
And think that I shall there be  
born again.

. . . I hope  
To find in heaven the things I  
loved on earth.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

They are not Dead ❀

OH! change — oh! wondrous  
change!

Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonized—and now  
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!  
There lies the soulless clod!  
The sun eternal breaks;  
The new immortal wakes—  
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY



BUT thou, my friend, my  
brother!

Thou'rt speeding to the shore  
Where the dirge-like tune of part-  
ing words

Shall smite the soul no more!

## ✻ They are not Dead

And thou wilt see our holy dead,  
The lost on earth and main.  
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts  
Thou wilt be bound again!

MRS HEMANS



HIS life is bright—bright without  
spot it *was*  
And cannot cease to be.

S. T. COLERIDGE



DEATH is but the greatest act of life  
Since it gives birth to a higher  
state of existence.

A. DE LAMARTINE



OF this I am assured, that there  
is no such thing as forgetful-  
ness possible to the mind. A  
thousand circumstances may and  
will interpose a veil between our

## They are not Dead ❧

present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind, but alike whether veiled or invisible, the inscriptions remain for ever—just as the stars seem to withdraw from the common light of day, whereas we all know it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY



**I** FEEL in myself the future life. . . .

When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin

## ✻ They are not Dead

again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.

VICTOR HUGO



I KNOW them — love them —  
mourn not them to leave;  
Existence and its changing my  
spirit cannot grieve.

ROBERT NICOLL



YOUR loved one is a mind—an  
immortal mind—a spiritual  
form, not a mortal form—and you  
deceive yourself and cause your-  
self useless sorrow every time that  
you think that your beloved is  
dead. The body is dead, but the  
body is not your beloved.

## They are not Dead ❀

Think of your loved one as a spiritual form of life and intelligence, living, now, in the realm of spiritual existence.

UNKNOWN



**O** GLORIOUS end of life's short day of sadness!

O blessed course so well and nobly run!

O home of true and everlasting gladness!

O crown unfading! And so early won!

UNKNOWN



**A** CHANGE from woe to joy—  
from earth to heaven,

Death gives me this—it leads me  
calmly where

## ✻ They are not Dead

The souls that long ago from mine  
were riven

May meet again! Death answers  
many a prayer.

Bright day, shine on! be glad:  
days brighter far

Are stretched before my eyes than  
those of mortals are!

ROBERT NICOLL



THE sacred tie  
Is broken; yet why grieve?  
for Time but holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall  
lead

To the blest world where parting  
is unknown.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

*Written after the death of Charles Lamb*



## They are not Dead ❧

THE dead! Is it *you* who call  
*us* dead?

What! You who wait for the  
birth,  
Who wait to pass hence from  
the prison of sense,  
From the body and brain of  
earth?

UNKNOWN



MANY men, in all ages, have  
triumphed over death, and  
led it captive;—converting its  
physical victory into a moral  
victory for themselves, into a  
seal and immortal consecration,  
for all that their past life had  
achieved.

THOMAS CARLYLE

## ✻ They are not Dead

---

THE earth doth mourn her  
treasures lost,

All sepulchred beneath the snow,  
When wintry winds and chilling  
frost

Have laid her summer glories  
low :

The spring returns, the flowerets  
bloom—

An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead ;  
E'en while we come to weep and  
pray,

The happy spirit far hath fled  
To brighter realms of endless  
day :

Immortal hope dispels the gloom—  
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SARAH F. ADAMS

## They are not Dead ❧

**W**E know full well that in the  
dim Hereafter,  
The thread of that great scheme,  
whereof this life  
Is—as a something tells us—but a  
part,  
Shall not be lost but taken up  
again,  
And woven into one completed  
whole.

UNKNOWN



No stab the soul can kill.

SIR JOHN DAVIS



**H**IS love is not dead. It lives  
still in the next world for you,  
and perhaps with you. For why  
should not those who are gone, if  
they are gone to their Lord, be

## ✻ They are not Dead

actually near us, not further from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways?

CHARLES KINGSLEY

*Letter to a Widow*



DEATH is life's gate.

P. J. BAILEY



THE death-change comes.  
Death is another life. We  
bow our heads  
At going out, we think, and enter  
straight  
Another golden chamber of the  
King's,  
Larger than this we leave, and  
lovelier.

P. J. BAILEY

## They are not Dead ❧

GLORY's temple is the tomb;  
Death is immortality.

J. MONTGOMERY



THOSE who are gone you have.  
Those who departed loving  
you love still; and you love them  
always. They are not really gone,  
those dear hearts and true—they  
are only gone into the next room;  
and you will presently get up and  
follow them, and yonder door will  
be closed upon you, and you will  
be no more seen.

W. M. THACKERAY



THE old, old fashion—Death  
—Oh! thank God, all who  
see it, for that older fashion yet  
of—Immortality.

CHARLES DICKENS

## ✻ They are not Dead

---

I AM going—a long way—to my father and mother—and to the light. I shall not be a cripple there—nor be in pain—God bless you, dear fellows;—I am going to God.

DEAN FARRAR

*Eric, or Little by Little*



“AFTER we reach York we may be no longer alone in the carriage. Will you answer me one question? What do you think your occupation will be in the Future Life?”

The great scientific man quickly turned upon me with his eagle eyes, the wonder of all who saw them, and thrice clasping his hands with energy, said, “‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have

## They are not Dead ❧

entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I shall be with Christ: that is enough for me."

*Faraday's answer to Sir Henry Acland,  
on their way to York*



SO not alone we land upon that  
shore:

'Twill be as though we had been  
there before;

We shall meet more we know  
Than we can meet here below,  
And find our rest, like some re-  
turning dove,

And be at home at once with our  
Eternal love!

F. W. FABER

✻ They are not Dead

THERE is no death, the dust  
we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer  
showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.  
And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread.  
For all the boundless universe  
Is Life. *There are no dead.*

LORD LYTTON



I GO to life and not to death,  
From darkness to life's native  
sky;  
I go from sickness and from pain  
To health and immortality.

HORATIUS BONAR



## They are not Dead ❧

**O**H, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

HENRY WARD BEECHER



**I** GO lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only  
The vestibule of palaces whose  
courts we never win;

## ✻ They are not Dead

Yet I see my palace shining where  
my lovesits amaranths twining,  
And I know the gates stand open,  
and I shall enter in.

D. M. MULOCK



LOVE is life, and death at last  
Crowns it eternal and divine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER



“GOD lent him and takes him,”  
you sigh ;

—Nay, there let me break with  
your pain :

God's generous in giving, say I ;  
And the thing which He gives I deny  
That He ever can take back again.

. . . . .  
He gives what He gives. Be con-  
tent !

## They are not Dead ❧

He resumes nothing given, be  
sure!

. . . . .  
He lends not, but gives to the end,  
As He loves to the end. If it seem  
That He draws back a gift, com-  
prehend

'Tis to add to it rather, amend,  
And finish it up to your dream.

E. B. BROWNING



I AM strong,  
Knowing ye are not lost for  
aye among  
The hills, with last year's thrush.  
God keeps a niche  
In Heaven, to hold our idols: and  
albeit  
He brake them to our faces, and  
denied

✻ They are not Dead

That our close kisses should impair  
their white,—  
I know we shall behold them raised,  
complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty,  
—glorified  
New Memnons singing in the  
great God-light.

E. B. BROWNING

*Futurity*



I WENT to sleep; and now I am  
refreshed.  
A strange refreshment: for I feel  
in me  
An inexpressive lightness, and a  
sense  
Of freedom, as I were at length  
myself,  
And ne'er had been before. How  
still it is!

## They are not Dead ❧

I hear no more the busy beat of  
time,  
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor  
struggling pulse;  
Nor does one moment differ from  
the next.

CARDINAL NEWMAN  
*The Dream of Gerontius*



**A** LONG my earthly life, the  
thought of death  
And judgment was to me most  
terrible.

Now that the hour is come, my  
fear is fled;  
And at this balance of my destiny,  
Now close upon me, I can forward  
look  
With a serenest joy.

CARDINAL NEWMAN  
*The Dream of Gerontius*

## ✻ They are not Dead

---

LIFE is real! Life is earnest!  
And the grave is not its goal:  
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"  
Was not spoken of the soul.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



YES,—for one moment thou  
shalt see thy Lord.  
Thus will it be: what time thou  
art arraigned  
Before the dread tribunal, and thy  
lot  
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit  
On His right hand among His  
pure elect,  
Then sight, or that which to the  
soul is sight,  
As by a lightning-flash, will come  
to thee,

## They are not Dead ❀

And thou shalt see, amid the dark  
profound,  
Whom thy soul loveth, and would  
fain approach.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

*The Dream of Gerontius*



AND the mother gave, in tears  
and pain,

The flowers she most did love ;  
She knew she should find them  
all again

In the fields of light above.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



DEATH brings us again to our  
friends. They are waiting  
for us, and we shall not be long.  
They have gone before us, and  
are like the angels in heaven.

## ≡ They are not Dead

They stand upon the borders  
of the grave to welcome us  
with the countenance of affection  
which they wore on earth,—yet  
more lovely, more radiant, more  
spiritual.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

*The Blank-Book of a Country Schoolmaster*



THE wonderful Dead who have  
passed through the body and  
gone,

But were back once more to  
breathe in an old world worth  
their new.

. . . . .  
There shall never be one lost good !  
What was, shall live as before ;  
The evil is null, is nought, is silence  
implying sound ;



## They are not Dead ❧

What was good shall be good, with,  
for evil, so much good more;  
On the earth the broken arcs; in  
the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or  
dreamed of good, shall exist;  
Not its semblance, but itself; no  
beauty, nor good, nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but  
each survives for the melodist.

. . . . .  
We shall hear it by and by.

ROBERT BROWNING

*Abt Vogler*



DEATH with the might of his  
sunbeam  
Touches the flesh and the soul  
awakes.

ROBERT BROWNING

*The Flight of the Duchess*

## ✻ They are not Dead

SOFTLY and gently, dearly-  
ransomed soul,

In my most loving arms I now  
enfold thee,

And o'er the penal waters, as they  
roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee,  
and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,  
And thou, without a sob or a  
resistance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid  
passage take,

Sinking deep, deeper, into the  
dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task  
is given,

Shall tend, and nurse, and lull  
thee, as thou liest;

## They are not Dead ❀

And Masses on the earth, and  
prayers in heaven,  
Shall aid thee at the throne of  
the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother  
dear,  
Be brave and patient on thy bed  
of sorrow ;  
Swiftly shall pass thy night of  
trial here,  
And I will come and wake thee  
on the morrow.

CARDINAL NEWMAN  
*The Dream of Gerontius*



GOD is, and the soul is, and, as  
certain, after death shall be.

ROBERT BROWNING  
*La Saisiaz*

## ✻ They are not Dead

O LYRIC Love, half angel and  
half bird

And all a wonder and a wild desire—

... Can thy soul know change?

Hail then, and hearken from the  
realms of help!

Never may I commence my song,  
my due

To God Who best taught song by  
gift of thee,

Except with bent head and be-  
seeching hand—

That still, despite the distance and  
the dark,

What was, again may be; some  
interchange

Of grace, some splendour once thy  
very thought,

Some benediction anciently thy  
smile;

## They are not Dead ❧

. . . So blessing back  
In those thy realms of help, that  
heaven thy home,  
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy  
face makes proud,  
Some wanness where, I think, thy  
foot may fall !

ROBERT BROWNING

*The Ring and the Book*

(*Mrs Browning died in 1861. Browning wrote*  
*"The Ring and the Book" in 1868*)



FOR sudden the worst turns the  
best to the brave,  
The black minute's at end.  
. . . First a peace, then a joy,  
Then a light, then thy breast,  
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall  
clasp thee again,  
And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING

*Prospice*

✻ They are not Dead

THERE is no Death! What  
seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



WE die: which means to say,  
the whole's removed,  
Dismounted wheel by wheel, this  
complex gin,—  
To be set up anew elsewhere,  
begin  
A task indeed, but with a clearer  
clime  
Than the murk lodgment of our  
building-time.

ROBERT BROWNING

*Sordello*

## They are not Dead ❀

THEY do not die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they  
change.

LORD TENNYSON



*In Memoriam, 30*

WHAT is left for us, save, in  
growth  
Of soul, to rise, . . .  
From the gift looking to the Giver,  
And from the cistern to the River,  
And from the finite to Infinity,  
And from man's dust to God's  
divinity?

ROBERT BROWNING

*Christmas Eve and Easter Day*



DEATH is but another phase of life.

THOMAS CARLYLE

✻ They are not Dead

NO visual shade of some one  
lost,

But he, the Spirit himself, may  
come

Where all the nerve of sense is  
numb;

Descend, and touch, and enter;  
hear

The wish too strong for words  
to name;

That in this blindness of the  
frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is  
near.

LORD TENNYSON

*In Memoriam, 92*



THE face of Death is toward the  
Sun of Life.

LORD TENNYSON



## They are not Dead ❧

**B**UT deep within my heart of  
  hearts there hid  
Ever the confidence, amends for  
  all,  
That heaven repairs what wrong  
  earth's journey did,  
When love from lifelong exile  
  comes at call.

ROBERT BROWNING



**T**HAT nothing walks with aim-  
  less feet;  
That not one life shall be de-  
  stroy'd,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile  
  complete.

LORD TENNYSON

*In Memoriam, 53*

## ✻ They are not Dead

DEAR heavenly friend that canst  
not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine.

LORD TENNYSON

*In Memoriam, 128*



STRONG Son of God, immortal  
Love,

Whom we, that have not seen  
thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove;  
Thine are these orbs of light and  
shade;  
Thou madest Life in man and  
brute;  
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy  
foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast  
made.

## They are not Dead ❧

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not  
why ;  
He thinks he was not made to  
die ;  
And thou hast made him : thou art  
just.

LORD TENNYSON  
*In Memoriam, Prologue*



COME away : for Life and  
Thought  
Here no longer dwell ;  
But in a city glorious—  
A great and distant city—have  
bought  
A mansion incorruptible.

LORD TENNYSON  
*The Deserted House*

## ✻ They are not Dead

THE brave who died  
Died without flinching in the  
crimson surf;  
They sleep as well beneath the  
purple tide  
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and roused  
from their wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars,  
shall rise again  
Joint-heirs with Christ, because  
they bled to save  
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE



BEYOND the darkness, light,  
beyond the scathe,  
Healing, beyond the Cross, a palm-  
branch tree,

They are not Dead ❧

Beyond Death, Life, on evidence  
of faith,  
I lift mine eyes to see.

D. G. ROSSETTI



ETERNAL form shall still  
divide

The eternal soul from all beside ;  
And I shall know him when we  
meet.

LORD TENNYSON

*In Memoriam, 46*



A GRIEF not uninformed, and  
dull,

Hearted with hope, of hope as  
full

As is the blood with life, or night  
And a dark cloud with rich moon-  
light.

## ✻ They are not Dead

To stand beside a grave, and see  
The red small atoms wherewith we  
Are built, and smile in calm, and  
say—

“These little motes and grains shall  
be

Clothed with immortality  
More glorious than the noon of  
day.”

LORD TENNYSON



By our bereavements we are in part  
translated to the world unseen.

CARDINAL MANNING



FROM Earth to Heaven is dying?  
I joy to die!

The blissful ramparts nighing,  
Their light and glories spying,  
I mount on high.

J. TAYLOR

## They are not Dead ❧

**N**O: I shall pass into the Morn-  
ing Land

As now from sleep into the life  
of morn ;

Live the new life of the new  
world, unshorn

Of the swift brain, the executing  
hand ;

See the dense darkness suddenly  
withdrawn,

As when Orion's sightless eyes  
discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter  
Glory of sunrise heretofore un-  
seen,

Freshening the woodland ways  
with brighter green,

And calling into life all wings that  
flutter,

## ✻ They are not Dead

All throats of music and all eyes  
of light,  
And driving o'er the verge the  
intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far  
days!

No more with dreams of grief  
doth love grow bitter,  
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont  
to glitter  
In happy eyes. Decay alone de-  
cays:

A moment—death's dull sleep is  
o'er; and we  
Drink the immortal morning air,  
Earine.

MORTIMER COLLINS





## They are not Dead ❧

O, MAY I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live  
again!

GEORGE ELIOT



TO Him I yield my spirit;  
On Him I lay my load;  
Fear ends with Death; beyond it  
I nothing see but—God.

W. R. GREG



LIFE is the jailor, Death the  
angel sent  
To draw the unwilling bolts and  
set us free.  
He flings not ope the ivory gate  
of Rest,—  
Only the fallen spirit knocks at  
that,—

## ✻ They are not Dead

But to benigner regions beckons  
us,  
To destinies of more rewarded toil.

J. R. LOWELL



**I** SWEAR I think now that every-  
thing without exception has an  
eternal soul!

. . . . .  
I swear I think there is nothing  
but immortality!

WALT WHITMAN



**THE** whole material universe  
exists and is designed for the  
production of immortal spirits.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

## They are not Dead ❧

**I** SEE them muster in a gleaming  
row  
With ever youthful brows that  
nobler show ;  
. . . They come transfigured back,  
Secure from change in their high-  
hearted ways,  
Beautiful ever more!—and with  
the rays  
Of morn on their white shields of  
expectation.

J. R. LOWELL



**I** CANNOT say and I will not say  
That he is dead—he is just  
away.  
With a tender smile and a wave  
of the hand  
He has wandered into an unknown  
land,

## ≡ They are not Dead

And left us dreaming how very  
fair

It needs must be since he lingers  
there.

Think of him just the same, I  
say:

He is not dead, he is just away.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD



THE one whom you call dead  
Lives and loves you. Gone,  
'tis true,

From such a light as shines for  
you,

But in the light you cannot see  
Of unfilled felicity

In enlarging Paradise

Lives a life that never dies.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

## They are not Dead ❀

**T**HROUGH the drear silence  
of the moonless dark,  
Leaving no footprint on the  
road it trod,  
Straight as an arrow cleaving to  
its mark,  
The soul went home to God.  
“Alas!” they cried, “he never saw  
the morn,  
But fell asleep outwearied with  
the strife”—  
Nay, rather, he arose and met the  
dawn  
Of everlasting life.

UNKNOWN



**I**NSTEAD of despair I felt the joy  
and happiness of a life never to be  
destroyed by death.

COUNT TOLSTOY

## ✽ They are not Dead

**N**EVER the spirit was born;  
the spirit shall cease to be  
never;

Never was time it was not; End  
and Beginning are dreams!  
Birthless and deathless and change-  
less remaineth the spirit for  
ever;

Death hath not touched it at all,  
dead though the house of it  
seems! . . .

Nay, but as when one layeth  
His worn-out robes away,  
And, taking new ones, sayeth,  
“These will I wear to-day!”  
So putteth by the spirit  
Lightly its garb of flesh,  
And passeth to inherit  
A residence afresh.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD  
*Translation of the Bhagavad Gītā.*

## They are not Dead ❧

**I**T is a blessed thing indeed that none of us can take our rubbish to another world ; for if we could, some of the many mansions would be little better than lumber-rooms.

JEAN INGELow



**T**HE future world . . . must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent on activity. Death is cessation of movement ; life is all movement.

GENERAL GORDON



**I** READ that, in his sleep, the poet died  
Ere the day broke ;  
In a new dawn, as rose earth's crimson tide,  
His spirit woke.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

## ✻ They are not Dead

WITH respect to immortality, nothing shows me so clearly how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is. . . . Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress.

CHARLES DARWIN



THE joys of the larger life, the loves which pass unbroken through death, the glad companionships which irradiate immortal life with beauty and with happiness.

ANNIE BESANT



## They are not Dead ☞

**D**EATH is *but the other side of* life. . . .

Immortality is not the resumption of the physical body, but the continuity of the spiritual life. . . . We are apt to look upon the soul as something essentially unreal, as a sort of *ghost*, whose very existence it would be difficult to prove. This is rank materialism. If there *were* any difficulty, its existence would never be proved at all. It is its own proof. "I am conscious, therefore I am." That is the only proof there is for it. And so far from being difficult, it is the simplest of truths. We say a man has a soul. That, again, is rank materialism. He has a great many things—a body among the

## ✻ They are not Dead

rest. But he *has not* a soul. That is not a thing he possesses. It is his very self. He *is* a soul. He is a being who feels and sees and hears and thinks and remembers, and acts and communicates with other beings. It is not the body that does these things. The body is only *an instrument* by which the soul is enabled to do them. When a man dies, we say his soul has left him. That is another instance of rank materialism. His soul has not left him. How could it? It is he, and he is it. . . . In one word, Death is Resurrection.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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## They are not Dead ☸

THIS is the first and most prominent fact — that we have not here a strange, new life, but a continuation of the present one. We are not separated from the dead, for they are here about us all the time. The only separation is the limitation of our consciousness, so that we have lost, not our loved ones, but the power to see them. . . .

It is a definite fact that the ties of affection are as strong as ever, and so the moment the man is freed from the chains of his physical encasement he naturally seeks the company of those whom he loves. . . .

Whether you recollect them or not, they are still living their life

## ✻ They are not Dead

close to you, and the only difference is that they have taken off their robe of flesh which we call the body. . . .

The man's passions, affections, emotions, and intellect are not the least affected when he dies, for none of these belong to the physical body which he has laid aside.

C. W. LEADBEATER

*Life After Death*

*By permission of the Theosophical  
Publishing House*



SO I said to my heart : " Be silent ;  
The mystery of time is here ;  
Death's way will be plain when we  
fathom the main  
And the secret of life be clear."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

## They are not Dead ❧

**T**O believe in Immortality is to believe that there is reason and Righteousness at the heart of things.

To believe in Immortality is to believe that there is a Somewhat, a Some One, without us, willing, longing, to answer the aspirations within us.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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**W**E are too stupid about death.  
We will not learn  
How it is wages paid to those who  
earn,  
How it is the gift for which on  
earth we yearn,  
To be set free from the bondage  
to the flesh;

## ✻ They are not Dead

How it is turning seed-corn into  
grain,  
How it is winning heaven's eternal  
gain,  
How it means freedom ever more  
from pain,  
How it untangles every mortal  
mesh.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE



**T**HE Saints of God! their con-  
flict past,  
And life's long battle won at last,  
No more they need the shield or  
sword,  
They cast them down before their  
Lord :

O happy Saints! for ever blest,  
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

ARCHBISHOP MACLAGAN

## They are not Dead ❧

THE greatest thinkers in all ages have invariably believed in Immortality.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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Messrs Wm. Blackwood & Sons*



THERE is a survival and a persistence of the soul. Death breaks up the machinery of the body, but that which is dearest and familiar and distinctive, the Personality, does not perish with flesh tissues.

HAROLD BEGBIE



NOT in this world of shows, but in the world of realities, was the next lesson to be taught to that advancing soul.

F. W. H. MYERS

*Science and a Future Life*

## ✻ They are not Dead

I WHO outwear the form I take,  
When I put off this garb of  
flesh,  
Still in immortal youth shall wait  
And somewhere clothe my life  
afresh.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK



SOULS shall climb fast their age-  
long way,  
With all to conquer, all to know :  
But thou, true Heart! for aye  
shalt keep  
Thy loyal faith, thine ancient  
flame ;—  
Be stilled an hour, and stir from  
sleep  
Reborn, rerisen, and yet the same.

F. W. H. MYERS

*Fragments of Prose and Poetry*

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## They are not Dead ☸

ALL the beauty and glory of the universe is in the desire of God for man to be equal with Himself, and in the answering desire of man. And that also is the beauty and glory of heaven, more intense than on earth because there man is closer to God.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK

*Immortality*

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THE Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our

## ✻ They are not Dead

loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist; “neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,” can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls. . . .

Has any world-scheme yet been suggested so profoundly corroborative of the very core of the Christian revelation? Jesus Christ “brought life and immortality to light.” By His appearance after bodily death He proved the deathlessness of the spirit. By His

## They are not Dead ☩

character and His teaching He testified to the Fatherhood of God. So far, then, as His unique message admitted of evidential support, it is here supported. So far as He promised things unprovable, that promise is here renewed.

I venture now on a bold saying ; for I predict that, in consequence of the new evidence, all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe the Resurrection of Christ. . . .

Ever more clearly must our age of science realize that any relation between a material and a spiritual world cannot be an ethical or emotional relation alone ; that it must needs be a great structural fact of the Universe, involving laws at least as persistent, as

## ✻ They are not Dead

identical from age to age, as our known laws of Energy or of Motion. And especially as to that central claim, of the soul's life manifested after the body's death, it is plain that this can less and less be supported by remote tradition alone; that it must more and more be tested by modern experience and inquiry. . . .

We have shown . . . that veritable manifestations do reach us from beyond the grave. The central claim of Christianity is thus confirmed as never before. If our own friends, men like ourselves, can sometimes return to tell us of love and hope, a mightier Spirit may well have used the eternal laws with a more commanding power.

## They are not Dead ❧

There is nothing to hinder the reverent faith that though we be all "the children of the Most Highest," He came nearer than we, by some space by us immeasurable, to That which is infinitely far.

F. W. H. MYERS

*Human Personality*

*By permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.*



I BELIEVE that the change we call death is far more incidental than we have heretofore believed, that the withdrawal from the physical body in which we have sojourned temporarily is no break in consciousness; that as we leave the physical we enter on the next plane in the ethereal environment.

LILIAN WHITING

## ✻ They are not Dead

I FOLLOW, with wet eyes,  
Your boat's white, lonely track;  
But vex you not with sighs,  
Nor long that you were back:  
Your boat with sails of snow  
Came safe to port, I know.

Oh, safe for evermore,  
With never a weird to dree;  
Is any burden sore  
When one's beloved goes free?

. . . . .  
You are so far away,  
And yet are come so near;  
On many a heavy day  
I think of you, my dear,  
Safe in your shelter there,  
Christ's hand upon your hair.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

*The Heart of a Mother*

*By permission of the Author*

## They are not Dead ❧

THE dear ones left behind—O  
foolish one and blind!

A day, and you will meet—a night,  
and you will greet.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK



IMMORTALITY is a truth, not of  
reason, but of revelation, a gift of  
God.

EDWARD WHITE



ELEVEN men stood face to face  
with the Risen Saviour as He  
manifested Himself from the plane  
of spirit-life; they recognized Him,  
they heard Him speak, and spoke  
to Him, and yet some of them  
doubted.

REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS

*Thoughts of the Spiritual*

## ✻ They are not Dead

DEATH is nought but an immortal birth cradled in flames. . . . Let us accustom ourselves to regard death as a form of life which we do not yet understand.

M. MAETERLINCK

*Death*



IF we allow ourselves to regard death as the final and irreparable ending both of life itself as well as its relationships, then are we, in St Paul's words, of all men most miserable. . . .

It is impossible to conceive of life ceasing, however much we may be sure that its outward form and setting is subject to constant change. . . .



## They are not Dead ❧

There is no break or bar, except in the transference to another sphere, which, because it is unseen and spiritual, is infinitely more real and fruitful.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN T. P. MAUD, D.D.

*Bishop of Kensington*

*By permission of the Author*



LET love cast out all our fears for those who have passed from our sight into the Light of His Presence, to be "with Him in Paradise": to be in the Father's hands, from Whose loving grasp, Christ has said, "none can pluck them"; where no torment shall touch them.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN T. P. MAUD, D.D.

*Bishop of Kensington*

*By permission of the Author*

## ✻ They are not Dead

TO know that Death denudes us of nought but our physical encasement; that it is but the birth pang that ushers us into fuller being, and the God-appointed gateway through which we pass to greater possibilities.

REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS

*Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hants*



PHILOSOPHICALLY, of course, the continuity of individuality is a fact, because each one is a thought of the Infinite Originator which He can never unthink; and yet, sometimes, in the keen agony of bereavement, in the intense yearning for realized communion and interchange of thought with a beloved departed one, the faith-

## They are not Dead ❧

less question will arise and whispers: "Does the life of the next world mean the same dear personality, or some vague, unrecognisable absorption into the Immensity of the Infinite life of God?" Christ's word of command, spoken as the mouthpiece of the Infinite Mind, sets the question at rest. He always appealed to the individual. He recognized no change of personality through the death of the body. He speaks to the individual, in un-mutilated completeness, though the shell, the body, is cast off: "Young man, I say unto thee." "Talitha cumi—Damsel, I say unto thee." "Lazarus, come forth." The bodies of these persons were dead, used-up matter, without

## ≡ They are not Dead

motion or sensation. The persons were alive, in full consciousness, and could hear and obey a voice which, winged with Divine authority and power, penetrated the sphere of being in which they were.

Our loved ones, who, like ourselves, are individualizations of Infinite Spirit, though now in a higher degree of self-recognition, are the same, the very persons we have known and loved; we shall be reunited; it is for us patiently to wait, and work, and abide in God.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE

*The Battle of the Lord*

*By permission of Elliot Stock,*

*Publisher, 7 Paternoster Row, London*



## They are not Dead ❀

IT is well to be close to the heart of Mother Earth and to hear the beating of her heart. A million myriads of years she has been young while we grow old. At last she will perish, but we shall not.

STOPFORD BROOKE  
*Life and Letters*



THE Life-vessels for soul  
passengers glide down  
The River of Eternity.  
O vast river! solemn river! yet  
kind river!  
The vessels that are love-roped by  
the hand of God  
Sail without failing into the Gate  
of Heaven.

YONÈ NOGUCHI  
*Eastern Seas*

## ≡ They are not Dead

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OUR limbs may be torn to pieces, our bones mashed to powder, but our deeds, our thoughts, our feelings will survive. It is in the realm of sense and perception that we are born and die. In the realm where our true being resides there is no such thing as birth and death. In the spiritual kingdom ours is an eternal growth, a perpetual unfolding, a never-ending development.

RIGHT REV. SOYEN SHAKU



LET us cultivate the assurance that there is no death. Let us believe that they who have gone before, though we miss their dear forms more and more as time goes on, are living and loving

## They are not Dead ❀

and watching and waiting for us. Let us lift the conscious mind over the narrow threshold, into the citizenship where our beloved are, and while thus seeking communion of spirit with spirit, patiently continue to do our duty here "until the day break" (the happy day of our own release) "and the shadows" (the shadows of earthly limitations) "flee away."

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE

*There is no Death*

*By permission of Elliot Stock,*

*Publisher, 7 Paternoster Row, London*



OUR dead are not only not dead, but more alive than we. To some extent they must need us still; the shock of passing out of the physical body cannot have

## ✻ They are not Dead

changed them very much; they want us, think of us, long to know that they are followed by our loving thoughts and prayers.

'Hopeless grief on our part can only distress and hamper those who have gone, . . . but earnest, faithful, persevering, loving prayer can reach to comfort them and cheer them on in their new venture of soul. Let all who have loved and lost think of this, and set to work to bridge the gulf of death accordingly, and it will bring healing to their own wounded hearts. Nay, more, I think they will find that ere long some sure conviction will come to them from the mysterious beyond, that what they are doing is known and responded



## They are not Dead ❧

to by those on whose behalf it is done, and that they in their turn are sending back waves of heaven's tender grace and power to *bless* and strengthen their bereaved on earth.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

*By permission of the Author*



I AM as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions; he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ. The dynamic theory of

## ✻ They are not Dead

heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye, and his apprehension of the Ether itself, lead him into regions where sight and hearing and touch are impotent as direct witnesses, where they are no longer efficient guides.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

*Raymond*

*By permission of the Author*



NOR let us imagine that existence hereafter, removed from these atoms of matter which now both confuse and manifest it, will be something so wholly remote and different as to be unimaginable; but let us learn by the testimony of experience — either

## They are not Dead ❧

our own or that of others—that those who have been, still are; that they care for us and help us; that they too are progressing and learning and working and hoping.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

*Raymond*

*By permission of the Author*



LET us think of him, then, not as lying near Ypres with all his work ended, but rather, after due rest and refreshment, continuing his noble and useful career in most peaceful surroundings, and quietly calling us his family from paralysing grief to resolute and high endeavour.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

*Raymond*

*By permission of the Author*

## ✻ They are not Dead

*G*REAT-HEART is dead, they  
say!—

What is death to such an one as  
Great-Heart?

One sigh, perchance, for work  
unfinished here;—

Then a swift passing to a  
mightier sphere,

New joys, perfected powers, the  
vision clear,

And all the amplitude of heaven  
to work

The work he held so dear.

. . . . .  
*A soul so fiery sweet can never die,  
But lives and loves and works  
through all eternity.*

JOHN OXENHAM

*Bees in Amber*

*By permission of the Author*

## They are not Dead ❧

I CANNOT think of them as dead.  
They are not dead. The deepest feeling of the time was, they were just transferred to another sphere of office.

BRITISH OFFICER

*In a letter from the Gallipoli Peninsula*



THIS mortal dies,—  
But, in the moment when  
the light fails here,  
The darkness opens, and the vision  
clear  
Breaks on his eyes.  
The veil is rent,—  
On his enraptured gaze heaven's  
glory breaks.  
He was asleep, and in that moment  
wakes.

JOHN OXENHAM

*Bees in Amber*

*By permission of the Author*

## ✻ They are not Dead

WE cannot conceive of a Heaven in which Christ would be content to dwell unless there was to be found in it the counterpart of other things He loved on earth, the wild flowers and the birds, the children playing, friends gathered round the common board, the fellowship of labour and of love, and the quiet hour on the mountainside at dawn.

REV. B. H. STREETER

*Immortality*

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THE fact that God has endowed man with capacity for religion cannot be reconciled with the notion that at death man is annihilated, or that his existence

## They are not Dead ❧

after death is of the kind which in early days the Hebrews conceived life in Sheol to be. God has made men for communion with Himself; He loves them and intends them to love Him; it must be intolerable to His love that a true friendship once formed should cease.

REV. VINCENT HENRY STANTON, D.D.

*The Teaching of Jesus Christ on the Life to Come*

*By permission of the Author*



THE future will be no Nirvana of passionless contemplation, but a full activity of the whole personality in conscious harmony with other souls.

REV. B. H. STREETER

*Immortality*

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## ✻ They are not Dead

THAT beautiful declaration of Jesus, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," means more than we commonly think. Christ Himself has taken charge of all our dead hopes, our ruined plans, our buried joys, our broken dreams, our vanished years. He has laid them away safe in His Holy Sepulchre. So *our* rising again, in Jesus Christ, shall include the blossoming again, also, of every lovely thing that has withered out of our hearts. We shall regain, glorified, beyond, the precious gifts that greatened life on this side. No real treasure of the heart is ever wholly lost. You must look out for it, by and by.

H. STANLEY SHERGOLD, M.A.



## They are not Dead ☸

I SEND my love unto my dead,  
and they—

They know 'tis sent, that I have  
not forgot;

For often when I am alone, I  
feel

Their love return—and, oh, no  
words can say

That peace that comes to me!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

*Communion*



AND those who loved and lost  
so long ago,

Whose forms have vanished and  
whose heads lie low,

They stand and wait us in the  
Great Beyond,

And bless by watching as our life's  
sands flow.

## ✻ They are not Dead

Knowledge will grow from pain  
and Love from Death,  
Light from the darkness dawn,  
when my last breath  
Is spent upon your name. I shall  
pass hence  
To face my God, safe in the sure  
defence  
That, loved by you, each sin will  
be forgiven.

LIEUT. F. A. M. WEBSTER

*Songs Apart*

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